A memorable Song, on the unhappy Hunting in *Chevy-Chase*, betweene Earle *Piercy* of *England*, and Earle *Dowglas* of *Scotland*. To the Tune of, *Flying Fame*

GOd prosper long our Noble King,
our lives and safeties all,
A woefull Hunting once there did
in Chevy Chase befall:
To drive the Deere with hound and horne
Earle Piercy tooke his way,
The Child may rue that is unborne,
the Hunting of that day.

The stout Earle of Northumberland,
a vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish Woods,
three Summers days to take,
The cheefest Harts in Chevy Chase,
to kill and beare away:
These tydings to Earle Dowglas came,
in Scotland where he lay,

Who sent Earle Piercy present word,
he would prevent his sport,
The English Earle not fearing this,
did to the Woods resort,
With fifteene hundred Bow-men bold
all chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of warre,
to aime there shafts aright.

The gallant Grayhounds swiftly ran,
to chase the Fallow Deere,
On Munday they began to hunt,
when day-light did appeare,
And long before high noone they had,
an hundred fat Bucks slaine,
Then having din'd the Drovers went,
to rowse them up againe.

The Bow-men mustred on the hills,
well able to endure,
Their backsides all with speciall care
that day was guarded sure.
The Hounds ran swiftly through ỳ woods
the nimble Deere to take,
That with their cryes the Hills and Dales
an Eccho shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the Quarry went,
to view the tender Deere,
Quoth he, Earle Dowglas promised,
this day to meet me here,
But if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay:
With that a brave young Gentleman,
thus to the Earle did say,

Loe, ponder doth Earle Dowglas come,
his men in Armour bright,
Full fifteene hundred Scottish Speares,
all marching in our sight,
All pleasant men of Tevidale,
fast by the River Tweed:

Then cease your sports Earle Piercy said,
and take your Bowes with speed.

And now with me my Countreymen
your courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet,
in Scotland or in France,
That ever did on horse-back come,
and if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to breake a Speare.

Earle Dowglas on a milke white Steed,
most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the companie,
whose Armour shone like Gold:
Shew me said he whose men you be,
that hunt so boldly here,
That without my consent doe chase,
and kill my Fallow Deere.

The man that first did answer make,
was Noble Piercy he,
Who said we list not to declare,
nor tell whose men we be,
Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
thy cheefest Harts to slay:
Then Dowglas swore a solemne Oath,
and thus in rage did say;

Ere thou I will out braved be,
one of us two shall die,
I know thee well an Earle thou art,
Lord Piercy so am I:
But trust me, Piercy, pitty it were,
and great offence to kill:
Any of these our harmelesse men,
for they have done no ill:

Let thou and I the Battell try,
and set our men aside;
Accurst be he Lord Piercy said,
by whome it is denyd.
Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, he would not have it told,
to Henry our King for shame.

That ere my Captaine fought one foot,
and I stood looking on;
You two be Earles, quoth Witherington,
and I a Squire alone,
Ile doe the best I doe I may,
while I have power to stand,
While I have power to wield my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.

Our English Archers bent their Bowes
their hearts were good and true,

At the first flight of Arrowes sent,
full fourescore Scots they slew.
To drive the Deere with hound and horne
Dowglas bad on the bent,
A Captaine mov'd with mickle pride
the Speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
no slacknesse there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman,
lay gasping on the ground:
O Christ it were a griefe to see,
and likewise for to heare,
The cryes of men lying in their gore,
and scattered here and there.

At last the two stout Earles did meet,
like Captaines of great might,
Like Lyons mov'd they laid on load
and made a cruell fight:
They fought until they both did sweat,
with swords of tempered steele,
Until the blood like drops of raine,
they trickling downe did feele.

Yield thee Lord Piercy, Dowglas said,
in faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
by James our Scottish King:
Thy ransome will I freely give,
and this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious Knight,
as ever I did see.

No Dowglas, quoth Earle Piercy then,
thy proffers I doe scorne,
I will not yield to any Scot,
that ever yet was borne.
With that there came an arrow keene,
out of an English Bow,
And struck Earle Dowglas to the heart,
a deepe and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these
Fight on my merry men all.
For why my life is at an end,
Earle Piercy sees me fall:
Then leaving life, Earle Piercy tooke,
the dead man by the hand,
And said, Earle Dowglas for thy life,
would I had lost my Land.

O Christ, my very heart doth bleed,
with sorrow for thy sake.
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The Second part, to the ſame tune.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he cal'd
who with a Speare full bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
ran fiercely through the fight:
And paſt the Engliſh Archers all,
without all dread or feare,
And through Earle Piercies body then,
he thruſt his hateſull Speare.

With ſuch a vehement force and might,
his body he did gore,
The ſtaff ran through the other ſide
a large Cloth yard or more:
Thus did both theſe ſtout Nobles dye,
whoſe courage none could ſtaine:
An Engliſh Archer then perceiv'd
the Noble Earle was ſlaine.

He had a good Bow in his hand,
made of a truſty Tree:
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long,
unto the head drew he,
Againſt Sir Hugh Montgomery,
ſo right his ſhaft he ſet,
The Gray-goſe wing that was thereon
in his heart blood was wet.

The fight did laſt from breake of day,
till ſetting of the Sun.
For when they wrung the evening Bell
the Battle ſcarce was done:
With ſtout Earle Piercy there was ſlaine
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Rateliffe and ſir Iohn,
Sir Iames that bold Baron.

And with Sir George and good ſir Iames,
both Knights of good account,
Good ſir Ralph Rebby there was ſlaine
whoſe proweſſe did ſurmount:
For Witherington needs muſt I waile,
as one in doleſull dumps,
For when his Legge was ſmitten off
he fought upon his ſtumps.

And with Earle Dowglas there was ſlaine
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Morrell that from the field,
one foot would never fly,
Sir Charles Morrell of Ratcliffe hy;
his Siſters Sonne was he,
Sir David Lamb ſo well eſteem'd,
but ſav'd he could not be.

And the Lord Markewel in like caſe,
did with Earle Dowglas die,
Of twenty hundred Scotiſh Speares,
ſcarce fifty five did flie:
Of fifteene hundred Engliſh-men,
went home but fifty three,
The reſt were ſlaine in Chevy-Chaſe,
under the Greene-wood Tree.

Next day did many Widowes come,
their husbands to bewaile
They waſht their wounds in briniſh teares
but all would not prevaile,
Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
they bore with them away,
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
when they were clad in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenburg,
where Scotlands King did reigne,
That brave Earle Dowglas ſuddenly,
was with an Arrow ſlaine:
O heavy newes King Iames did ſay,
Scotland can witneſſe be,
I have not any Captaine more,
of ſuch account as he.

Like tydings to King Henery came,
within a ſhort a ſpace,
That Piercy of Northumberland,
was ſlaine in Chevy-Chaſe,
Now God be with him ſaid our King,
ſith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realme,
five hundred as good as he.

Yet ſhall not Scots nor Scotland ſay,
but I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
for brave Earle Piercies ſake,
This vow the King did well performe,
after at Humble Downe
In one day fifty Knights were ſlaine
with Lords of high renowne.

And of the reſt of ſmall account,
did many hundred die,
Thus ended the hunting in Chevy Chaſe
made by the Lord Piercy,
God ſave the King and bleſſe the Land,
with plentie Joy and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate,
'twixt Noble-men may ceaſe.

FINIS.

London Printed for J. Wright
in the old-Bayly.

The Second part, to the Same Tune.

Curios Case

Earl of Derby
Holt Esqr